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THE SOUL'S JOURNEY—(IN THREE PARTS).

Translated from the German by S. J. D.

Part First.—Triumph of Death.

CYCLET THE FIRST.

1.

Dear Friend, you lately wished
 This little book to borrow,
 Containing a few wild notes
 Wherein I have sung my sorrow.

In what is called good taste
 I confess the book is not written,
 I have simply shouted aloud
 As my soul to pieces was bitten.

It demands, too, stronger nerves
 Than belong to our generation;
 It is also quite devoid
 Of pious ejaculation.

We need some more of the strength
 The mighty Poet would foster,
 When he plucks out on the stage
 The eyes of old foolish Gloster.

Nor was Italia's bard
 So very mild in his drawing,
 When he painted in Hell below
 Ugolin scalp and skull gnawing.

No lies are told in the book,
 Nor is the conviction hidden;
 Ere this I have lost a friend
 By speaking out what is forbidden.

I have given you warning now
 As far as I am able,
 So lay the book aside
 Unless your nerves are stable.

—
2.

This half of me, oh lay
 Within the ground,
 A half can not be healed
 Of its one wound.

Nor tell me that old Time
 Can cure my sorrow;
 I will not have it cured,
 More would I borrow.

Ye murky shades of Night,
 My soul enshroud,
 Nor let one beam of light
 Cut through the cloud.

I wish to keep my heart
 All torn in two,
 And daily have it drip
 With bloody dew.

The other half of me
 Lies in the ground,
 This half can not be healed
 Drip, drip, oh wound.

—
3.

There ye lie, my heart's own roses
 Soon to melt away to earth,
 In your leaves my hope reposes,
 It must wither from its birth.

One is but the tender blossom,
 Rose-bud with a peep of red,
 Fallen from its mother's bosom,
 Scarce begun yet it is dead.

But for thee, my full-blown flower,
 Tears are scarlet as thy leaf,
 And I feel a demon's power
 Smiting in my heart for grief.

There ye wilt, oh lovely roses,
 Soon your forms will find the tomb,
 In you still my soul reposes
 Though no more I see you bloom.

—
4

I knew not what I had,
 When thou wast at my side,
 Ah, often 'tis my prayer
 With thee would I had died.

I knew not what it was
 Which from thy presence spread,
 But now that it is gone
 I wish that I were dead.

Ambition's dream was mine
 When thou didst smile on me,
 Now all my life is turned
 Into a dream of thee.

Whatever praise I win,
 Whatever hope of fame,

Brings but the bitter tear;
Without thee what's a name?

Could I but call thee back
My gratitude to tell,
For that brief moment's time
Eternity I'd sell.

Life is a living death,
And every breath a sigh,
Oh, that the end might come
And I lie down and die.

5.

I feel the tepid tears
Roll down my cheeks,
Methinks a stream of blood
Which heavenward reeks.

There blots this word I write
A scarlet drop,
The heart so full must flow
And never stop.

Mine eye is but a wound
That taps the heart,
And drops come gushing out
From every part.

Yon scarlet landscape seemed
Once bright to me,
But now through mine own blood
I have to see.

There falls upon the world
A radiance red,
The sun above doth look
As if he bled.

6.

Thy face is on the air
Everywhere,
Far in the sinking cloud,
In the crowd,
"Thou art that form" think I,
"Sweeping by."
To me darts back thy look
From my book;

All letters spell the same,
Thy sweet name;
I see thee in thy bloom
Once more loom,
Then o'er all falls the gloom
Of the tomb.

7.

To thee my daily need of love I pay,
A tear,
Which lifts thee up from thy low bed of clay,
So dear.

A tear that ever shall a picture hold,
Of thee,
Ta'en in some sad or happy time of old,
With me.

A tear throbbed out the centre of my breast
By throes,
And quivering with a wavy wild unrest
Of woes.

A tear whose crystal holds thy life serene
Inspired,
And rules mine eye as some majestic queen
So weird.

A tear which bubbling up from memory's well
Down deep,
Doth drag the past from out his murky cell
Of sleep.

8.

Though the moon be faintly smiling
At the lovers' low beguiling
In her soft and silken streams,
But her glimmer
Growing dimmer
Lights me weeping in my dreams.

Though the sun be gently glowing
And mild beams on all bestowing
As he slowly sinks away,
But his glimmer
Growing dimmer
Leaves within my soul no ray.

Though mine eyes show nought of sadness,
Or mayhap betoken gladness,
Inwardly I feel the tear;
Soon their glimmer
Growing dimmer
Into night will disappear.

Scarce I hear the call of duty,
Scarce I note the thing of beauty
That once made my bosom thrill;
'Tis a glimmer
Growing dimmer
That the heart no more can fill.

Once I dwelt within a presence
O'er me raying beams of pleasure,
When began to wane its light
Till its glimmer
Growing dimmer
Fled, and left me in the night.

9.

The world is not the world
Which once I knew,
The rainbows all are gone
That gave it hue.

At night the crape hangs o'er
A mighty bier,
And every star above
Lets fall a tear.

The sunlight too is changed,
It is so wan,

Weeping some other part
Forever gone.

I step within the house,
The soul is fled,
A hollowness it is,
My home is dead.

Where'er I go or look
There is a void;
The world is not the world,
Is quite destroyed.

10.

My rhymes are drops of blood
That gurgle low,
Their wound I dare not stanch,
It has to flow.

I would not sing a word
If I were whole,
But song alone relieves
The writhing soul.

Think not it is my sport
To make this verse,
I feel I must avoid
What is far worse.

Ah Poesy, thou art
The surgeon's knife,
Which cuts me to the heart
To save my life.

CYCLET THE SECOND.

1.

What storms the raging heart
In wild refrain?
Is it a new delight,
Or the old pain?

The South sends up her breeze
To free the land,
The brooks leap down the hills
Out Winter's hand.

The buds peep out their beds
To greet the day,
The forest orchestra
Begins to play.

The children out the house
Rush to the air,
Wild rings the chime of glee,
Joy everywhere.

Heaven's Grand Almoner,
The bright-haired sun,
Throws down his fairest gift
And Spring is won.

Oh Spring, let me not hear
Thy merry strain,
The more delight I feel
The more the pain.

2.

The rose-bud has opened its lips
And whispers to me of a maid,
Whom Spring had brought to her bloom
When her heart in my bosom was laid.

The lark is trilling with glee
Her bridal refrain in the shade,
I knew the song that she sings,
Its music I learned of the maid.

The lily is drooping in white,
Its leaves are beginning to fade,
Oh well I hear what it tells—
The story of the maid.

3.

Vernal winds, so blandly blowing,
Frozen waters free ye set,
But my tears ye start to flowing
Like the mountain rivulet.

Vernal Sun, thou mildly shonest,
Till the earth once more is dry,
Otherwise thou me inclinest,
Ever wet is now mine eye.

Vernal Love, from thee youth borrows
Sweetest strains of glee and hope,
But to me thou breathest sorrows
In whose memory I grope.

Genial Spring, thy glance releases
Ice-bound joys of all the year,
But to me thy flood increases
By the melting of the tear.

4.

Weeping through the wood I wander,
Something drives me on my way,
And my longing growtheth fonder
As alone in tears I stray.

Streams roll down the face of Nature
As she looks upon my pain,
And the eye of every creature
Sends its little drop of rain.

From a bush I hear a ditty,
"Breaks thy heart, thou lonely man?"
Echoes to that strain of pity
Softly through the forest ran.

Little songster, leave my sorrow,
I would have thee only sing,
O'er my corpse, a dirge to-morrow
And a leaflet on it fling.

5.

The Painter Autumn touches now the wood,
He spreads his colors on the leafy green,
A picture therout grows of wondrous sheen
Wherein he paints his melancholy mood;
But when his work of beauty is once done,
Each leaf which hath his gentle pencil felt,
Drops down to earth and into soil doth melt
When just its time of glory had begun.
The gloomy Painter studies to portray
On Nature's canvas bright the face of Death;
But all his strokes are followed by decay,
His picture vanishes before his breath;
And when the leaves are gone, as in a dream,
He follows too, the victim of his theme.

6.

Leaves are here twirling,
Lighting now there,
Ceaselessly whirling
Down through the air.

Widowers moaning
Are all the trees,
List their low groaning
Loading the breeze.

Forests are bitten
By a white asp,
Meadows are smitten,
Look how they gasp!

Fairest of flowers
Softly has fled;
How the stalk cowers,
Bowing the head!

Autumn is passing,
Oh this unrest!
Burden harassing,
Crushing the breast.

Tell me the reason
Why the heart's tossed?
'Tis not the season,
Something is lost.

7.

When I see the haze of Autumn,
Something stirs within my breast,
When I see the leaflets falling
Feeling rises robbing rest,

Sighs steal out disdaining custom,
Tears come trickling without hest,
And I hear a voiceless calling,
A deep longing unexpressed.

Ah I feel it was the Autumn
When thy love first thrilled my breast,
And autumnal leaves were falling
When I saw thee laid to rest.

8.

On all sides fragments of the rainbow gleam,
Scattered upon the hill and through the vale,
Autumn his many colored coat of mail
In sad presentiment to don doth seem;
With his dread enemy he now must fight,
From out his radiant armor peers a face
So overcast with deeply pensive grace
That every soul is sorrowed at the sight.
The combat rages mid the stalwart trees,
And sweeps along the mead until the street,
The haze like battle smoke lowers o'er the leas,
But dying leaves proclaim their lord's defeat,
All reddened in their blood the ground they
strew,
Or taking on betimes Death's sallow hue.

9.

The grass is withered,
Crisp are the leaves,
The fruit is gathered,
Stacked are the sheaves.

The trees forsaken
Weep low their fate,
The frost hath taken
Away their state.

There stands how lonely
The monarch oak!
With bare head only
Waits Winter's stroke.

The woods with riot
No longer ring,
The birds are quiet,
Too sad to sing.

Each living creature
Doth seem to mourn,
And over Nature
A veil is worn.

Dusk robes she borrows,
Oh what has fled!
The season sorrows
For its sere dead.

Why stands this picture
On Nature's scroll?
It is the vesture
Of my own soul.

CYCLET THE THIRD.

1.

Could I but see thee listen
To this rough rhyme,
The Music of the Spheres
Would therein chime.

Or could I thee behold
My words to read,
My body would become
A burning gleed.

Could I revive thee now
One line to know,
My brain I'd set on fire
To give it glow.

Could I recall thy smile
By this dull strain,
The soul entire of love
Therein I'd drain.

Could I bring back thee whole
By this one song,
Would sing no more for aye,
Would go along.

2.

"Heart, oh heart more heavy
Than metal that ever was found,
Methinks that if thrown in the river,
I would sink with thee and be drowned.

Roaming in mead or in forest
Removes of thy weight not a pound;
I tread and my feet seem sinking
To my final home in the ground.

Earthy too is this bosom
Whose walls enfold thee around,

And whenever I hear thy throbbing,
Leaden and dead is the sound."

Answer to these reproaches
Came back like a moan in a swoond:
A grave is thy heart so heavy
With corpse and coffin and ground.

3.

To visit stars my soul
Abroad had gone,
How quick it sped beyond
The gates of Dawn!

Among the golden isles
Of Heaven's sea,
It flew and lit and sipped
Just like a bee.

It sought a glowing flower
Which was not there,
Oh still I feel the throe
Of its despair.

Back then it darted past
The realm of stars,
And homeward bent its glance
From fiery Mars.

This little ball of Earth
Plunged light along,
As tossed from star to star
By giants strong.

But look! bends o'er it there
A female shape,
Whose face is hid beneath
A veil of crape.

I see her tears drop down,
Deep sighs she gave,
The little ball of Earth
Is but a grave.

4.

Source of every fairest blessing,
Angel of my soul's repose,
When I felt thy sweet caressing
Nought I knew of Fortune's blows;
Now thy parting has bereft me
Of the base whereon I lay,
And a ruin it has left me
Falling inward to decay.

All my spirit's noiseless working,
What I thought and what I felt,
All that in the mind is lurking,
All within thy bosom dwelt.
That most secret deep relation
I had never known before,
Now I feel love's the foundation
Whereon rests the mind's whole store.

Love, I wish that thou wert stronger
Or deprived of all thy might,
Then would life hold out no longer
Or be freed of thy fierce right;
Still my sorrow hath a sweetness
That away I will not cast,
And I've come to love the fleetness
That will suffer nought to last.

5.

I once had a Heaven myself,
Its deity I was alone,
One star I hung from its arch,
And all the universe shone.

My Heaven has sunk into night,
And I am a god no more,
From the star that looked in my face
There comes no beam as of yore.

'Tis fallen and buried in Earth,
Extinct is its heavenly glow,
The Earth is the grave of the stars,
Or Love and Heaven the foe.

6.

Last night to the song I listened
That often I heard thee sing,
And in thy voice there glistened
A note that made the tear spring.

I rise from my moistened pillow
And hasten down the stair,
I lay me under the willow,
The voice still sings in the air.

I walk through the streets of the city,
The houses are silent in sleep,
But ever I hear the ditty
Whose note impels me to weep.

I come to the lonely mountain,
Now gladly I hear that strain,
Let the tears burst out their fountain
Let me utter the shout of pain.

7.

Yon picture-frame doth seem
Some hoary castle wall,
From whose high window thou
Look'st down a weeping thrall,

I feel that I could storm
Thy prison-house beyond,
And batter down its towers
That I might break thy bond.

To make thy image breathe
Now would I seek the spell
In realms of bliss or blight,
In Heaven or in Hell.

To flush thy cheek anew
Oh I could tap my heart,
Could fill thy shade with blood
Once more to make it start.

I in thy ghost would force
The half 'f every breath,
Till both with one last gasp
Could go along with Death.

Graft in my stoic flesh
The sum of ear'ly harm,
So thou rush out that frame
And rest upon this arm.

8.

I saw a naked heart
About to burst,
It swelled and throbbed and leaped
As if accursed.

Into that swollen heart
I plunge a knife,
And cut it to the core,
To stay its strife.

Dark are the gouts of blood
That from it run,
And to a measure wild
Fall one by one.

Each drop in sombre hue
Leaps into rhyme,
And verses made of blood
Move forth in time

The heart now rests awhile
Freed from its pain,
But soon 't swells anew—
Must flow again.

1.

The Future is a wayward nurse
That holds to man her breast,
And bids him suck of her deep curse—
Of far-off aims the quest.

She drives away the Now in scorn,
And makes one but a fool;
Ah well, I feel the bitter thorn
To be her scouted tool.

She spake so wise: Provide for me
So that when I am come,
My time can wholly given be
To thee and thine alone.

I toiled the day with feverish brain,
Pursuit as never still,
The body sank beneath the strain
The Future's maw to fill.

But always more she did demand,
With dark unfathomed throat—
Yet sweet her smile, her whisper bland,
"A little more" her note.

CYCLET THE FOURTH.

One day I sternly said: 'Tis past;—
I'll sate her greed no more:—
Come now, my love, let's rest at last
And well enjoy our store.

I turned to do what I had hoped,
Ah whither art thou fled?
The jealous Future's jaws had oped —
She swallowed thee instead.

2.

To look before by most was held
Man's worthiest, highest trait,
"Provide, Provide," spake snowy eld,
"For sick or sound estate."

Mild Prudence said: "Art thou alone?
Dare not with Fortune toy;
The dog e'en buries first his bone,
Will then his store enjoy."

Let Prudence answer now, I pray,
Of many questions one;

What boots its garnered toil to-day
The object being gone?

—
3.

Sweet little Madeleine,
Again thy birth-day's here,
Four years have quickly passed
Since first thou didst appear.

What joys thou hast called forth
In mother's heart and mine,
The angels could not tell
E'en with their lips divine.

But since thy last blthr-day,
Death has been on our track,
Thy mother went away
And has not since come back.

Our life it was so sweet,
So happy were we three,
That we ne'er had the thought
It could not always be.

Soon in thy little mind
Thy mother will be dim,
Who loved thee so that oft
Her eyes ran o'er the brim.

But still thy laugh rings out,
Nor dost thou seem to miss
Her whom it gave such joy
Thy little lips to kiss.

Could we but have her back,
How much would we not give;
We'd share with her our years
So that she too might live.

Together we would stay
And then together die,
None would be left to mourn,
Nor she, nor thou, nor I.

We'll see her face no more,
Our hearts send forth a moan,
For thou and I, my child,
Must now go on alone.

But often on our way
We shall cast back a look,
To those bright years of love,
Ere she our path forsook.

4.

How is it in the grave, mother,
That would I like to know,
I long to sleep with thee, mother,
Beneath the shining snow.

Then over me in May, mother,
To have the violets blow,
And turn their blue eyes down, mother,
To where we nestle low.

The wind upon my grave, mother,
The falling leaves would strow,
And redbreast lighting there, mother,
Would peep for us below.

The earth above is lone, mother,
I have nowhere to go,
Oh take me to thy bed, mother,
Beneath the shining snow.

—
5

The warm-swaddled babes of the Spring
Are peering from every tree,
But I have to think of the buds
That erewhile blossomed for me.

Oh bright little tip of the rose,
At thy look my heart will break,
Thou callest to mind a red lip
And thee let me kiss for its sake.

Oh why should ye blossom again
While my buds stay in the earth,
And never once rise from their sleep
With the Spring to take the new birth?

Could I bring them to bloom once more,
My life's weary years would I toil,
I would water them daily with tears,
Then give them my body as soil.

—
6.

I went into the wood
To still my grief;
I heard the sighing leaves:
Oh, no relief.

With sleep I tried to stanch
My tears' hot stream,
I saw her die again
In my wild dream.

I sought the quiet grove
Where now she lies,
The flood has all dried up
Within mine eyes.

Beneath this grassy plot
In violets dressed,
Which waits beside thy grave
Here shall I rest.

7.

My heart, I think that thou art mad,
Who can thy ways explain?
Thy pleasures are in mourning clad,
Thy joys leap into pain.

I lie upon a grassy mound,
The world seems giving cheer,
The air is full of merry sound,
I smile, then drops a tear.

Yon herds are sporting on the lea,
Their fun is never spent,
I laugh within to see their glee,
Then feel my soul is rent.

Whene'er a joy grasps me with might,
A sigh is in it found,
Whene'er my heart swells with delight,
Then bursts its olden wound.

8.

I can not feel that thou art gone,
My life still glides with thine;
But when I look to see thy smile,
I know what loss is mine.

I hear thy footsteps' buoyant tread
As they ascend the stair,
But then I think of thy last hour,
I know thou art not there.

Up from the page I turned my look
About to call thy name,
Then suddenly an image darts—
Thy stark and pallid frame.

I can not feel that thou art gone,
So deep our lives entwine;
Except I think and think I must,
Unbroken is the line.

But when I think and think I must
Of that autumnal dawn,

Oh then my tears full plainly tell
I feel that thou art gone.

9.

Above thy feverish frame I hung
And watched the waning light,
Which in thy warm and friendly eyes
Was turning into night;
Those drooping eyes blazed forth once more
Their former love and grace,
As thou didst clasp me round the neck,
It was our last embrace.

The mind had almost quit the flesh,
Thou knewest me alone,
Thy love still felt that I was there
When Reason quite was gone;
And then methinks the morning sun
Shone out thy sickly face,
As thou didst clasp me round the neck,
It was our last embrace.

Thy struggling arms pressed down my head:
Until thy lips I met,
And they still moved to give the kiss,
Though moist with Death's cold sweat;
Oh yet I see within my mind
Thy features' glowing trace
As thou didst clasp me round the neck,
It was our last embrace.

It seemed as if the last last drop
Of life thou didst expend,
In order that thy life of love
In love might wholly end;
Eternity will ne'er that smile
Of parting love efface,
As thou didst clasp me round the neck,
It was our last embrace.

10.

The beldames three crossed my path one day,
I turned aside to avoid their way,
My feet in fetters there seemed to stay,
My jaws were locked, no word could say.

'He comes', they shrieked with a mad laugh of zeal,
One had a spindle, another a wheel,
A thread thereon she began then to reel,
A thread whose clew in my brain I could feel.

The third one raised the remorseless shears
Which her fingers ply through the murderous years,
No wail can melt the wax of her ears,

Her eyes fierce flame burns up all her tears.

The thread was flowing with droplets so red,
The beldame looked for a moment and said:
If I should cut now this little thread,
Then he, methinks, would only be dead.

But I shall snap his heart in twain,
And take the part which has no pain,
And leave him a half to bleed amain,
That he both alive and dead remain.

The beldames three have left my path,
But still I see those eyes of wrath,
And daily in a crimson bath
I feel the shears the beldame hath.

—
11.

I know my words are red
For from the heart they gush,
Its drops rise to my tongue
And into verses rush.

Red let them stand on white,
The rubric to my grief,
Their color in mine eye
Is what me brings relief.

Of sweet and sickly strains
I shun the mawkish flood,
The song alone I love
Writ in the Poet's blood.

A way thou merry man
Thy soul must riven be
To let thy voice burst out
And join this song with me.

For though the word be stained
In colors of the heart,

It must be seen through tears
The crimson to impart.

The Fates cut man in twain,
Hounds are the cruel years,
Let Poet write in blood,
Let Reader read through tears.

—
12.

Oh that my life might glide
Into a dream,
And I forever lave
In memory's stream.

Tear off this clogging flesh
To me not kin,
It is the wall of Hell
Which shuts me in.

Strike out the senses wild,
For they but keep
My sighing soul awake
When it would sleep.

Blast too the outer world
Till it be nought;
Why must it still intrude
Upon my thought?

Then as the sweetest dream
So light, so free,
Again the years will come
Thou wast with me.

One memory of thee
Will be my soul,
Eternity in love
Away will roll.

Part Second—Triumph of The Image.

CYCLET THE FIRST.

1.

By day I pull a wooden boat
Whose speed with toil is bought.
By night I in a shallop float
Whose oar is but my thought.
By day I feel the bleeding rent

For half my flesh is gone,
By night that half to me is sent
And I am whole till dawn.

By day are sundered human hearts
And tears of blood then stream,
By night restored are the parts
When man can be a dream.

By day I wander a lost soul,
By night comes rescue soon,
Oh that the knell of day would toll
And into night I swoon.

2.

There blooms an Oleander
Alone in a foreign land,
It dreams and seems to wander
While its flowers of fire expand.

In dreams it seems to wander
Far off to its home in the South,
How burns that Oleander!
Each bud has a flame in its mouth.

That burning Oleander
Has gone to stand with its mate,
Where golden streams meander;
How happy now its fate!

The golden streams meander
And the winds soft kisses seem,
Oh faithful Oleander,
Thy lover is a dream

3.

When on my couch at night
My head I lay,
The Dream is the Great God
To whom I pray.

"Thou Monarch of that realm
Where rests her shade,
Into whose airy form
I would now fade;

Oh bear to her my ghost,
Leave here the clay,
I'll rest in her embrace
Till break of day.

I'll rest in her embrace
Till break of Doom,
And dream the dream of love
Beyond the tomb.

4.

I stretch my hands to hold her
Though shadow too I seem,
In arms I will enfold her,

A dream within a dream.

In arms I will enfold her
Now but a ghostly gleam,
My soul, embrace her bolder,
A dream within a dream.

My soul, embrace her bolder,
The lost of thine redeem,
Before to nought we moulder,
A dream within a dream.

Before to nought we moulder
Who now two shadows seem,
I in my arms enfold her,
A dream within a dream.

I in my arms enfold her
Whom my own soul I deem;
But oh, I could not hold her,
A dream within a dream.

Although I could not hold her
No more than sunny beam,
But still my love I told her,
A dream within a dream.

5.

I wandered through the grove
Where rest the dead;
I saw my own new grave,
My name I read.

It was beside the mound
Where thou art laid,
And yesterday with thine,
My tomb was made.

Beneath the faint moonshine
What shadow 's this?
I feel a soft embrace,
I know thy kiss.

Our hearts with glow of youth
Once more we plight,
While of thine eyes I drink
The gentle light.

Then rove we as of old
About the grove.
With flowers we deck the graves
Of those we love.

The years roll swiftly by
In happy flight,
We live a life of love
In that one night.

Then sweetly in the tomb
As in our bed,
We lay us down to rest
Among the dead.

6.

Methought that I lay in the graveyard
So softly by thy side,
But whether alive I know not,
Or whether I had died.

For my soul I cared no longer.
The body it was all,
And the Universe was bounded
Just by that earthy wall.

As we lay in sweet embraces
The bell began to toll,
Some one, thought I, is departing:
Here cometh my own soul.

7.

The air grew pale with death
Though it was noon,
The Sun's bright rim had sunk
Into the Moon.

Lost was the merry day
In folds of night,
And o'er the world fell down
A swooning light.

With hasty tread there sped
A human host,
Each man let fall his flesh
And turned a ghost.

Like arrow from a bow
Desire him drove,
Until he quickly lit
Upon a grave.

He sank into the tomb,
Where side by side
He laid himself to rest
With one who died.

The shapes of human air
Sweep from above;
What rules them more than life?
It is their love.

The mountain and its trees
To phantoms fade,

The earth itself doth glide
Into its shade.

Mankind are longing dreams
That haunt the tomb,
And all things rush to meet
Their shadowy doom.

Wild into Love alone
The world did swoon
The Sun in Heaven fell
Into the Moon.

8.

I looked on a soul at that hour
When the heavens are open to sleep,
All swollen it was with tears
And each tear with throes did leap.

I asked, What ails thee, my soul,
Why is this throbbing so deep?
A whisper ran through its sighs,
I can not, can not weep.

Oh bring me the lost one again
For a moment even in sleep,
Then the flood of my tears will burst,
Oh then I can weep, can weep.

9.

An angel touched me and said:
"Here are three goblets of tears;
Once more I give thee to taste
The sorrows of all thy years."

I drank off my childhood's cup
Without a qualm or a halt;
Water it was and no more,
With perhaps a grain of salt.

Then I quaffed the bowl of my youth,
But it was very small,
More salt there was than before
With some infusion of gall.

The angel handed me next
The largest beaker of all:
"Here is the rain of thine eyes
That daily continues to fall."

"Oh those are not tears of man,
Why now do they look so red?
"Because thou art shedding not tears,
'Tis thy blood that thou dost shed."

10.

Deep was the darkness around me,
Awake I lay tossing in bed,
Thoughts would do nothing but wound me
They cut like a sword in my head;
Of woe an Oceanic billow
Was rolling my soul to thy bier,
The fountains burst out and my pillow
Was wet with the midnight tear.

But when at that hour I lay sleeping
And carelessly swaying in dreams,
The spectres came to me weeping
Wherewith the other world teems;
Like the soft slender arms of the willow
Bent o'er me a shadow most dear,
Oh then I awoke and my pillow
Was wet with the midnight tear.

Awake or asleep I must follow
The thought or the image of thee,
And though my pursuit may be hollow,
'Tis far the sweetest to me.

Let Sorrow's Oceanic billow
Roll nightly thy soul to my bier,
And the fountains burst out and my pillow
Be wet with the midnight tear.

11.

Gory and ghostly is the strain I sing;
Tis blood that flows when pierced is the heart,
And red must be the words that paint its smart,
Since tears are such a superficial thing
Dropping betimes for any little sting
Which pricks a nerve and makes the body start,
That they can not bestead the deeper Art
Which seeks the half-lost soul anew to wing.
But ghostly too I say my strain to be;
For when the Present 's from our senses fled,
And all the world around to us is dead,
Then through the hallowed groves of Memory
We roam, or in the land of golden dreams
We dwell, where shadow substance seems.

CYCLET THE SECOND.

1.

I have fallen in love with my sorrow,
It sings in my soul a soft lay,
And the theme of its song it doth borrow
From her to whose spirit I pray.

It has opened to me though a stranger
The world that is lying beyond,
And I now have become a wild ranger
In realms that are raised with its wand.

And so oft when my sorrow is sleeping,
Or e'en may be ready to die,
I will wake it and set it to weeping,
Its pinions then waft me on high.

2.

Methought my heart I had pressed
All into one woful word;
Oh that was a wilder note
Than ever before was heard.

In dreams I said it in Heaven,
The angels came trooping around,
Their souls in vibration I saw
With the thro' of the sorrowful sound.

I then spake it down to the earth,

It fell into millions of ears,
The skies were an echo of sighs,
And the brooks were a flood of tears.

The magical word I next sang
Amid the mounds of the dead,
Then arose a shadowy host
And rustled over my head.

Up starts the shape that I seek,
Whose look is my daily bread;
Oh thou art the heart of my heart,
And thine is the word I have said.

3.

The Sun stood o'er my head
At deep midnight,
But in his great round eye
Wan was the light.

A tear cut off his rays
From wonted glow;
I said to him: "Oh Sun,
Why weep'st thou so?"

He moved his great round eye
And looked at me:
"Thy moans have reached the stars,
I pity thee."

I've turned about my steeds,
Am going back,
The Past shall rise again,
Along my track."

He hurried to the East,
Sank in the sea,
And then from out the West
At morn rose he.

Backward the seam of Time
He rips each hour,
The Done becomes undone
With crash of power.

The tomb begins to live,
There stirs the clay,
The dead break out their graves
And walk away.

Thy hour is drawing on;
Will burst my heart!
What footsteps in the hall!
Oh here thou art.

Along the river Himmelon
I know a holy grove,
The stream is dark, the air is dun,
But nightly there I rove.

The stream is dark, the air is dun,
The souls embrace above,
Above the flood of Himmelon
And all are light with love.

Above the flood of Himmelon
Whose billows dimly move,
There is no moon, there is no sun.
This shalt ye sometime prove.

There is no moon, there is no sun
Love lights the sacred grove,
Within the vale of Himmelon
Where nightly now I rove.

Within the vale of Himmelon
I watch the spectral drove,
Until I find the missing one
There wandering in the grove.

There hangs thy lovely face
Upon the wall,

The smile, the sun, the soul—
I see them all.

Those pallid lips prepare
The kiss to give,
A longing 's in thine eyes,
They look, they live.

My arms around thy neck
I softly reach,
Within my soul I hear
Thy gentle speech.

I feel thy stroking hand
Upon my head;
Oh thou art now alive!
No, I am dead.

My vacant body here,
Stow it away,
It is a useless clod
Of useless clay.

Now have I passed the bourn
Which makes us twain,
My soul has linked anew
Its broken chain.

4.

6

I saw thee weeping in dreams
For the life that thou hast left,
I heard thy sigh for the beams
Of which thy soul is bereft.

Thy body translucently showed
The drops as they rose to the eye,
As wave after wave they o'erflowed
To the heaving of thy sigh.

Methought that I too became
Just what I before me beheld,
My tears were running the same
And my sobs were as loudly expelled.

The marvel was great and I said:
"Our ailment is common, my dear;
I am living and thou art dead,
But we both seem shedding one tear."

"The realms in which we abide,"
She answered, "much differ in name,
But the fountain whence our tears glide
Remains forever the same."

5

7.

What drives me forth
I can not guess,
I only feel
A restlessness.

Deep in a wood
I stroll away,
Beside a brook
Entranced I stay.

How all things show
A friendly face!
Yet ne'er before
I saw this place.

I know this oak,
The brooklet too,
Those flowers there
Are old yet new.

The bird that's singing,
I've heard his song,
I've seen you squirrel
Skipping along.

This sunny gleam
I recollect,
The fragrant air
I too detect.

I moved my body
As now I do,
I throw the pebble
Which then I threw.

I've stooped to pick
This very rose
Just from the bush
Where now it grows.

Some presence felt
Is everywhere,
And though unseen
It fills the air.

A music faint
Floats round my head,
It is the voice
Of one that's fled.

Ah now I know;
Beneath this tree
Last night in dreams
I sat with thee.

In converse sweet
We roamed the wood,
Beside the brook

Together stood.

Thou wast a shadow
And I was too,
But our life was real,
Our love was true.

Thus was my dream
Half prophesy,
The wood is here
But not with thee.

Here is the rose,
The brook, the oak;
But why not thou?
Because I woke.

The future world
That dream will be,
And all fulfilled
The prophecy.

—
8.

The barrier between the two worlds
Thy loss has taken away,
And whether I dream or I awake
Is more than I can say.

Entranced I pass down the street
Amid the hurrying throng,
We are all a swarm of ghosts
As we go moving along

I turn my eyes to the clouds
With their forms so fickle and frayed,
A realm of shadows it is
And I myself am a shade.

When weary I lie on my couch,
The faces come flitting o'erhead;
The question then darts through my mind,
Can it be that I too am dead?

The bridge between waking and dreams
Has vanished all with thy breath,
And the chasm is quite filled up
That lay between life and death.

—
9.

I had a longing so strong
That mine eyes swooned into my will,
Then I saw the image of song
Whose notes in my soul ever thrill.

I prayed to that shade: Oh return
 To thy beautiful life of yore,
 The tears in my flesh will burn
 Till thy body my rest restore.

She answered: The arches which span
 The world-dividing abyss
 Allow no return to man;
 Still across the chasm we kiss.

Between thee and me the sun
 Will roll forever his years;
 But think what now thou hast done,
 Then brush away gladly thy tears.

For the spell is given to thee
 To call me up from my bier;
 And all that I was thou canst see,
 For truly am I ~~not~~ here?

By thy side is moving my face,
 And still our lives remain one,
 The dead and the living embrace
 Though between them rolls the Sun.

10.

When Autumn lies in dreamy haze

Enfolding hill and dale,
 From out the mist I see thee gaze,
 Then kiss thee through the veil.

When twilight robes the world in gray
 And forms all seem to fail,
 Then through the dusk there comes a ray
 Me kissing through the veil.

Beside my fire I drowsy trace
 Of love some olden tale,
 Beneath the page doth rise thy face,
 Then kiss we through the veil.

The days that are forever gone
 Send up their shadows pale,
 'Tween now and then a veil is drawn,
 But kisses pass the veil.

And oft by day with me there strolls
 In stealth an image frail,
 Although my flesh divides our souls,
 We kiss through fleshly veil

But when me waft the wings of sleep,
 I cease all waking wail,
 For side by side our ghosts then keep
 And kiss through ghostly veil.
